

CALL ME KYLE

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FADE IN:

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - LATE NIGHT

Two schmucks, that look like grown members of the Goonies, stand on either side of empty dryer #5. SCHMUCK 2 (20's) enjoys a candy bar. SCHMUCK 1 (20's) anxiously eyes every passerby as he clinches a lunch-size paper bag. He checks his watch. A "Suzie Homemaker" looking Woman (40's) awkwardly steers a metal rolling cart with a mountain of wet clothes towards them while grooving on the loud music in her headphones.

SCHMUCK 1

I don't like this. He's late.
Where'd you find this guy again?

SCHMUCK 2

I told you; my plumber's wife's
sister's husband's uncle. Hes
practically family.

SCHMUCK 1

And you're sure he can take care
of our "work" problem?

SCHMUCK 2

He's their top hit-man---

SCHMUCK 1

SHHHHH!

SCHMUCK 2

Sorry. He's their top...guy, so
yeah, I'm sure. Relax. He'll be
here. Dryer #5, 10:15 pm.

SCHMUCK 1

No, something's wrong. What kind
of "top guy" is la--

The Woman pulls the cart between the Schmucks and opens the door of dryer #5; she starts loading the clothes in.

SCHMUCK 1

(excitedly)
You can't use that dryer,
its reserved!

SCHMUCK 2

No, no. We're saving it for
someone.

It's no use, she's in her own world. They look around panicky; this could blow the whole meeting. She plucks out a very large, lacey leopard print bra from the pile and hands it to Schmuck 2; he takes it confused...there's no way she fits into that thing.

WOMAN

(loudly)
...bras in the dryer are a big no-no. Did you know that the heat can actually melt your underwire? It's true. It happened to me once.

She closes the door and moves to the next dryer, stopping it. She unloads some clothes into the cart before noticing they're wrinkled. She checks the dryer setting, and adjusts it, puts quarters in and restarts it.

WOMAN

Ugh, wrinkles. Most people don't know about the Permanent Press setting; it has a cool-down cycle at the end that eliminates wrinkles...just wipes them out.

The Schmucks stare at her dumbfounded.

WOMAN

(turns off her music)
Oh, silly me. I should've started with introductions....call me Kyle. So tell me about the job...who am I killing?

SCHMUCK 2

(amused)
You're Kyle?! Kyle, the killer?

SCHMUCK 1

(to Schmuck 2)
SHHHH! Don't say anything! It could be a set-up!
(to Kyle)
Do you have any proof you are who you say you are?

Kyle wheels the cart to a nearby "folding table".

INT. LAUNDROMAT "FOLDING" TABLE - LATE NIGHT

The Schmucks follow. Kyle unloads the clothes onto the table.

KYLE

Oh, you mean like my driver's license or resume? Hmmm, no. Oh!

She reaches into her pocket, grabs her cell and scrolls to find something.

KYLE

Here...this might work. I just had
my reel re-done.

She props her phone up on the pile of clean clothes. The Schmucks lean in close to watch the screen. The video isn't visible, but there's plenty of gruesome screams and pulpy sound effects. Kyle smiles at herself; she's proud of her work. The schmucks are horrified. Schmuck 1 dry heaves.

KYLE

So, are we all square?

SCHMUCK 1

Uh-huh.

SCHMUCK 2

Yep, we're good.

She puts her phone away and ditches the "housewife" cover; her voice and demeanor change.

KYLE

Alright, listen up Schmucks,
here's how this works...

The schmucks lean in to listen to the "plan".

KYLE

Dont do that. Just act casual and
fold.

Schmuck 1 hastily folds the clothes; Schmuck 2; he's really good at it.

KYLE

Number one, who's the target?

Schmuck 1 reaches into his pocket and hands her a folded piece of paper. She casually unfolds it. It's an Employee of the Month announcement for some guy named Steve. He smiles slyly; you can tell the guy is a complete douche. She refolds it and puts in her pocket.

KYLE

Two. I'll need cash up front.

SCHMUCK 2

Oh, is there a family/friends
discount?

Schmuck 1 shoots him a look and quickly slides over the paper bag to Kyle. They go back to folding clothes. She feels the bag for weight, satisfied she puts it in her jacket pocket.

KYLE

I hope for your sake its all
there. Number 3.

The job will be done in 36 hours.
This meeting never takes place.
You tell no one---
 (yawns big but talks
 through it)
...yada, yada yada...Failure to
abide by any of these terms and
I'll have to kill you. And thats
the end of the fine print. One
last thing...

She pulls out a card with a hand drawn happy face and
punches it with a hole puncher and hands it to Schmuck 1.

KYLE

Two more punches and you get a
free one!

Kyle gets up and turns to go. Schmuck 1 looks panicked;
he didnt get any of the terms. Kyle circles back.

KYLE

Oh, almost forgot to ask number 4;
do you have any killing
preference? crossbow? Poison
lipstick? Stiletto strike?

The Schmucks are too aghast to speak and nod no.

KYLE

Ooooo, killer's choice. I love it!
Toodles!

She leaves and Schmuck 1 sighs a deep sigh of relief and
stops folding. Schmuck 2 holds up the bra and calls
after Kyle.

SCHMUCK 2

Wait! You forgot your--

Schmuck 1 shakes his head and stops him.

SCHMUCK 1

I really don't think that's hers.

FADE OUT